

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS *of*
MONTGOMERY
BELL —
ACADEMY

Over Times' 24

"EVERYTHING MEN AND BOYS WEAR"

Porter Clothing Co

CHURCH AND FIFTH



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NUMBER 3

Main Street Flattery, or He Stoops to Conquer

ROBERSON COWEN, '23



CENE: Opening day at the Hicksville School. Pupils, teachers and townspeople assembled in the school auditorium on Main Street.

Professor Smith in the opening address: "And now, my good people of Hicksville, we are about to embark on a new school year, and little these dear children dream of the opportunities that lie in their path, for they have not yet reached the years of discretion and wisdom as you older people have."

Mayor (from rear of house): "Yeah, we are payin' you fifty per; we shore ought to get something."

Professor: "Why, some one among you my dear children may some day be president. (Applause.) Remember in what humble circumstances the great Abe Lincoln got his start—how lowly when compared to the wonderful opportunities that Hicksville offers."

Town Merchant: "Yes, that there traveling man that was through these parts t'other day lowed to me as how we had one of the best towns in the State."

Professor (paying no attention to interruption) : "You have your elders to thank for these wonderful opportunities (applause from older members of the audience), and is not Hicksville called 'The City of Opportunity?' The school is indeed in keeping with the spirit of Hicksville; and it is not only the school you have, but also a chance to associate with people of such high intellect and sterling value, such as our honorable mayor who sits there in the rear of the house."

Mayor: "Yes, when I was in school, I always won the spellin' matches, and the teacher 'lowed I was the best speller in these parts, and in my day young people was not triffin' as they are now."

Professor: "And such a man as Mr. Snodgrass, a merchant of Hicksville, and a man of sterling worth."

Merchant: "Yes, I done pretty well not to have no better chance than I did."

Professor: "And men such as Brother Jones, a man who goes after the root of evil."

Brother Jones: "Yes, my people, I shall continue to do my duty, and I shall always see it my duty to fight dancing and card-playing and late hours—all the modern devices of the devil."

Professor: "Such sturdy sons of the soil as Mr. Hicks."

Mr. Hicks: "Yes, I reckon I can plow about the straightest furrow of any one in these parts."

Professor: "And such noble examples of womanhood as Miss Hiza Perkins, of this city, who will assist me in this school."

Miss Perkins (in a thin voice) : "I try to do the very best that I can with my pupils, teaching modesty above all things."

Professor: "Such ladies as Mrs. Williams, whose home I had the pleasure of visiting two months last summer, a lady whose energy and culinary ability is incomparable."

(Continued on page 19.)

Recompense

A SATIRE IN ONE ACT

RALPH MORRISSEY, '23



CENE: The judgment seat of Elysium. Characters, the Supreme Interrogator, the Guardian of the Portals, various candidates desiring admittance. Time: The present.

The judgment seat of Elysium is in front of the gates of the eternal city.

The Supreme Interrogator, garbed as a judge, sits in a high chair or throne. In front of him are the candidates. The Guardian of the Portals sits patiently by the side of the gates and nervously fingers a large bunch of keys.

The Supreme Interrogator speaks. His voice cuts the air like a knife.

(S. I. to first C. O.): Child of the earth, what are your claims to gain entrance into the land of bread and honey?

(First C.): Most gracious sir, I was on earth what was known as a bootlegger. In those days of drouth I did quench man's thirst. None who were my companions or clients were unhappy. I did lessen the grief of man and alleviate his pain. I pray that you will allow me to enter, dear sir.

(S. I.): What you have said is very pleasing to mine ear. You have indeed been a boon to mankind. Enter by all means.

(The Guardian of the Portals mechanically opens the gates, and the spirit hurriedly passes through.)

(S. I. to second C.): Please state your accomplishments.

(Second C.): Most learned judge, in my college days I was a great football star. I was awarded a place on Walter Camp's all-American team.

(S. I.): You are indeed entitled to be admitted. Pass in, I pray you.

(The second spirit enters.)

(S. I. to third C.): And you, sir?

(Third C.): Dear sir, I have many accomplishments,

but my best accomplishment was that of being a tea hound. I was well versed in the science of eating cake noiselessly. A function that lacked my presence was a failure. I was a Don Juan with the ladies, never having broken a hairnet in my whole existence. Therein lay my popularity.

(S. I.) : You are indeed most learned. We will be glad to have you among us. Step inside.

(Business of opening the gates and letting the phantom through.)

(S. I., to next soul) : Why do you demand entrance? State your case.

(Fourth Spirit) : Most esteemed sir, I was a worshipper at the voluptuous shrine of Bacchus. In other words, I was a toper. I lived in a continuous state of ecstasy. Every one with whom I was thrown in contact was my friend. I owned a large stock of imported liquors. I was a connoisseur. I could distinguish rare wine from that of new vintage. The taste of old Burgundy set me on fire. I not only appreciated the effects (most men care only for this), but the taste and aroma were also venerated by me.

(S. I.) : What you have said is most interesting. A man of your talent is invaluable. Pray advance.

(The gates again swing open and let the fourth spirit in.)

(S. I. to last candidate) : You who stand so far aside, advance and impart to me your claims.

(Last C.) : Most respected judge, my claims are just. I was a college professor. I taught the highest branch of science at the university. I was very severe. I passed very few. Those that graduated from my classes left with a very keen perception as to the higher branches of existence. I have no patience with the lower side of life. I live on a higher plane. Those, sir, are my claims.

(S. I.) : We have no place here for those that make life a drudge. I do not see how you could have the audacity to profane the holy air of Elysium. You are not fit to be the associate of these that have just been admitted. Get you hence!.

(Curtain.)

Bob McLaggan

RUSSELL NILES, '23



BOB McLAGGAN was a backwoodsman living in the wilds of Alaska. He was tall and lanky and walked with an awkward gait. He was firm of muscle and had an eye of flint and a forefinger as steady as his steel-gray eyes. He was born in this wild country and took to it naturally. He had led a hard life from his early childhood, and his face showed it clearly, for his jaw was firm and his mouth bore a hard expression. He was hardened to the cold blasts that came rushing down from the north and the driving snow that made many wrinkles in his face.

McLaggan had built his log cabin in the fall without any help. It was hard work, but he finished it before winter. Then Bob made half a dozen trips to the nearest settlement to lay in supplies for the coming winter. That was twelve years ago. Another winter had now come, and from all signs it was to be the hardest one. The birds were flying south unusually soon, and the biting wind was already sweeping down on him. The first snow came before the first of November, and by the middle of that month everything was frozen up.

McLaggan would have to make one more trip for supplies to the settlement which was twenty miles distant. McLaggan was not overkeen on making this trip, for he knew what it would be. He left his cabin at twelve, and after some six hours steady walking, he arrived at the settlement. The next morning he purchased the necessary supplies and left that afternoon for home. McLaggan stopped short and peered into the thick undergrowth on his right. At odd moments during the past hour of his walk he had felt a sensation of being followed, but, absorbed in his own thoughts, he paid no attention to it. Now he knew he was being followed, but on looking into the underbrush he saw nothing, smelled nothing, and heard nothing. He

was half ashamed of himself for stopping. With a sudden turn he resumed his journey. He muttered to himself, "It's a panther, sure."

McLaggan was not nervous, but he did not like being followed. He was sorry now that he left his rifle behind him. He knew if the panther was starved it might cause him some trouble. He knew that panthers were unwilling to seek a quarrel with a man unless they are forced from hunger. He knew the chances to be very slender of the panther daring to make an attack on him; and if it did, he had his axe which he knew how to use skillfully and with deadly effects, if necessary. Bob kept a watchful eye on all shrubs and undergrowth. But then he knew that panthers drop from overhanging limbs onto their prey. This caused the little hairs on the back of his neck to crawl.

In a few minutes the silence was broken by the bugling of a bull elk. It was a musical sound, but full of menace and defiance. Again McLaggan regretted leaving his rifle. The bugling was repeated several times, and then it was answered from far on the left. The challengers answered each other abruptly and approached each other swiftly. McLaggan hastened his pace towards the place of battle. The challengers were growing nearer each other. Then he heard the clash of antlers and the pawing of hoofs. A battle of supremacy over a herd of cows. Before he could reach the place of battle one of the bulls was rapidly approaching him. Bob stepped behind a tree. The bull went running by, blowing and snorting. He wanted no more fighting.

But not so the victor. This splendid bull at the sight of McLaggan snorted, pawed the ground and then charged. This just gave Bob time to climb a tree. He was obliged to leave his pack at the foot of the tree. The bull made desperate efforts to reach McLaggan, but to no avail. He pawed and snorted for several minutes, but it was of no use. Bob was safe from the bull.

McLaggan happened to glance down the trail and was a little frightened as he saw the tawny head and shoulders of an immense panther emerge into the trail. He said to himself, "So I was right, after all." He felt like telling the bull of his danger. When he spoke the bull became enraged again and renewed his efforts in trying to reach him.

In a few moments he was startled by seeing the panther crouching over a limb ready to spring on the bull's neck. With a quick spring he was on the bull's back, his teeth and claws sunk into the flesh. The elk gave a sudden jump to try to throw him off, but to no avail; then he sidestepped, but the panther clung fast. Then the bull gave a quick toss of his head, throwing his antlers so that one prong ripped along the side of the panther. With a loud scream the cat sprang off. The bull advancing, pawing the ground, came toward the panther, which was now crouching low, snarling and showing its teeth. The bull had the advantage. With a swift stroke of his hoof he tore the panther's shoulder, making a bad wound. With a cry of agony he ran off into the forest. If elk meat tasted like that, he wanted none.

The elk, not satisfied with his two victories, renewed again his efforts at McLaggan. Again finding that the case was hopeless, he gave it up. Until now he had overlooked Bob's pack which lay at the foot of the tree. He fell upon this, savagely tearing open his flour, molasses, bacon, and lard. Finding there was no resistance left in these, he went after the little scarlet tin of pepper which had been thrown some distance and which lay under a tree near by. He slashed it open with a stroke of the hoof, then jabbed his nose full into it with a contemptuous snort. There was a moment of paralyzed indecision, and then he began to sneeze. It was such sneezing as he had never experienced before. He spread his legs wide and devoted himself to it with all his energies. He then straightened up, threw his head back and with a series of great sneezes ran off into

the woods. McLaggan shrieked with laughter. With aching sides he climbed down from his refuge and stood surveying the wreckage of his supplies. There was nothing worth packing up except his axe. Then Bob said to himself: "Thanks for leaving the axe, but you are welcome to the rest; the show was worth the price."

Spring

G. W. BAKER, '24

You have come,
O Spring!
We are glad,
By Jing!
Warm rains
Now fall.
We don't want
Rain at all.

Bad colds
And the flu
Have come—
"Kerchu!"
Birds begin
To sing.
Hail, hail! to thee,
Spring!



A Bit of Conversation

WICKLIFFE READ, '23

The clock has just struck one-thirty, and Evelyn has not come in. Father and mother are very much upset.

Father: "Where is she? This is the end. It's gone too far. When she comes home, I'm going to tell her if she doesn't change she will have to—! O my!"

Mother: "She hears that from you once a week."

Father: "And what do you say? Why don't you make her behave?"

Mother (very weak): "Because I don't know how."

Father: "Why don't you know how? You're a woman, and it's your business. She's only a young girl. Can't you manage her?"

Mother: "Why can't you manage Bob?"

Father: "I do."

Mother: "Y-e-s, you do!"

Father: "Bob is different. He's a boy. It doesn't hurt him to run around half the night."

Mother: "Yes it will, and I wouldn't stand for it."

Father: "Our children don't seem to be like other children. They are wild and uncontrollable."

Mother: "You're wrong. They are just like all the others. I used to sneak out, and I've reminded myself of how many boys I was engaged to."

Father: "What (very loud and excited)? You never were engaged to any one but me."

Mother: "And how many I used to kiss."

Father: "Mother, you were not that way."

Mother: "Yes, and so were you."

Father: "Well, I guess she can handle herself all right. She's twenty and should know what's right."

Mother (triumphantly): "Well, let's go to sleep."




EDITORIALS

THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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WHAT A HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION MEANS TO A BOY

ELLOWS, have you ever stopped to think what your education means to you? You will probably say that you have, but very few of you have done so in a sincere way.

You go to school, you play football, you play baseball, or take part in some kind of school life that appeals to you. You work perhaps an hour every night and no doubt get by in your studies, but it is done with a kick, and when questioned you say that you attend school because your people make you.

The first twenty years of a boy's life are his easiest—that is, if he is fortunate enough to attend school. His path for his first twenty years is quite clear of obstacles, although he may have trouble with his studies, but as a whole he pulls through in good style. When the boy graduates from prep school or from college, his thoughts should turn strictly in a sincere manner to work, hard work—

not the kind of work that he encounters in school, but a work that depends largely upon his knowledge of business.

The boy has no teacher to correct his faults, and although he may have parents to correct some of his faults, he is what he is by what he does himself.

Fellows, you really don't know how much you should appreciate your high school education, and how thankful you should be that you are now attending a school that is striving to make the right kind of man of you.

Springtime

Z. A. COLES, '23

In the spring a young man's fancy
Turns to the thoughts of wooing Nancy;
Fancy sox and striped ties,
Sweet perfume and constant sighs.

His thoughts now turn to flowers and cars,
Dates at night beneath the stars,
Silken shirts and colored bands,
Slicked back hair and manicured hands.

His thoughts of girls, both day and night,
Run along like a shaft of light;
He is happy always and feels like a king,
And these are some of his thoughts in spring.

He is shot in the heart and has it bad,
And he goes down to call on dad.
His father sighs when he mentions a ring,
But these are a young man's thoughts in spring.



M. B. A., 32; B. G. A., 20

M. B. A. won her first game of the season when we defeated the strong Battle Ground Academy team on their own floor by the score of 32 to 20.

M. B. A. was the first to score, when Eaton dropped one through from the middle of the floor, and from then on M. B. A. held the lead. The shooting of Eaton was the best that had been seen on the B. G. A. floor in many years. Besides his brilliant floorwork, he collected a total of seven field goals. Reed, playing his first game with M. B. A., gave a good account of himself, getting six field goals. Buell and Young played a good defensive game, giving the B. G. A. forwards much trouble. House was the shining light for B. G. A., himself making five field goals and four fouls.

* * *

M. B. A., 21; CHAPEL HILL, 29

M. B. A. met their first defeat of the season when they were handed the small end of a 21 to 29 count by Chapel Hill. M. B. A. led by one lone point at the half, but Chapel Hill came back strong in the second and secured a lead which M. B. A. was not able to overcome. Halton, a former M. B. A. player, was responsible for our defeat, for his entrance into the game seemed to put new life into his team. He caged the three goals that put them in the lead. Eaton led the M. B. A. attack with two fields and five fouls. Roberts and Walker both played a good game. Elder played a good defensive game and scored four field goals.

M. B. A., 41; CENTRAL HIGH, 5

M. B. A. completely outclassed Central High School in every branch of play. The final figures were 41 to 5 in our favor.

Reed shot the first goal and immediately followed with two more. The passing of the M. B. A. team was flawless, and they missed very few shots. "Sweetie" caged nine goals from the floor for a total of eighteen points, while Roberts and Walker secured eight apiece. Buell and Young played a good defensive game, both breaking up most of Central High's passes.

Paul performed best for Central High, being on the ball all the game. He was responsible for the only goal which his team got.

* * *

M. B. A., 50; HOPKINSVILLE, 28

The Hoptown Tigers did not give M. B. A. much trouble, although they have been winning from most of the teams of Kentucky. The final score was 50 to 28. In the first half M. B. A. ran up 31 points to her opponents' 10. Walker and Reed played best for M. B. A., the former getting six field goals, while the latter got nine. Eaton played the floor in great style and succeeded in getting four field goals and a foul. Young and Buell gave the Hoptown forwards much trouble and forced them to take long shots.

Page, Mitchell, and Reader were the stars for Hoptown, each getting four baskets.

* * *

M. B. A., 24; CHAPEL HILL, 23

After losing to Chapel Hill, M. B. A. came back and defeated them by a lone point. The final score was 24 to 23. It was several minutes before either team scored. Walker shot the first goal of the game from mid-floor. M. B. A. kept the lead most of the first half, but just before the end of the half Chapel Hill caged several baskets, which gave them a 13 to 8 lead. M. B. A. came back fighting in the

next period and tied the score. From then on one team would lead by a lone point, and then the other. The foul shooting of Eaton was the feature of the game. He made good ten free shots and three field goals for a total of sixteen points. Roberts, who replaced Walker, played the best game of his career. He shot the goal which won the game. Elder and Halton played well for the losers.

* * *

M. B. A., 22; B. G. A., 23

M. B. A. lost the second game of the series to B. G. A. by the score of 23 to 22. M. B. A. was off in passing and goal shooting. They could not locate the basket with any degree of accuracy.

The first half ended with M. B. A. leading twelve to ten. M. B. A. led throughout the game until the last minute of play, when House shot from the sideline for the winning point. Eaton was the only one who seemed to be able to find the basket. He collected eight baskets and two fouls. Gordon and House were the stars for B. G. A.

* * *

M. B. A., 45; COLUMBIA HIGH, 29

M. B. A. defeated the Columbia High quintette easily. The final score was 45 to 29 in our favor. "Sweetie" Reed performed in sterling style against his former team mates. He cashed in with a total of nine field goals. Roberts played the floor in good form. Walker and Young played a fine defensive game. Gilbert shot four field goals from the middle of the floor for Columbia at difficult angles. Jackson played a good game at forward and did some good floor work.

* * *

M. B. A., 29; HUME FOGG, 42

The first game of the annual Hume-Fogg-M. B. A. series went to the uptown school by the score of 42 to 29. Hume-Fogg got away to a big lead in the beginning, which M. B. A. was unable to overcome. When the half ended, we had

the small end of a 22 to 12 score. McCall, who replaced Costello at center, was the main cause for our defeat. His four goals which were gotten in succession seemed to take the life out of our team. Reed and Eaton did most of the scoring for M. B. A., the former getting five goals, while the latter collected three field goals and three fouls. Young played a good game at guard.

* * *

EAST TENNESSEE ROAD TRIP

M. B. A. was very unfortunate in her trip through East Tennessee. M. B. A. won only two of the scheduled five games. Her first game was a victory over Winchester by the score of 37 to 32. "Sweetie" Reed was mainly the cause of their defeat. He collected a total of nine field goals. Martin and Roberts both played good defensive games.

The second game of the series was dropped to Decherd by the score of 50 to 22. The Decherd boys played a good brand of ball and proved to be too much for the Maroon and White. There was no star for M. B. A., for they were off form and missed numerous shots from under the basket.

M. B. A. next journeyed to Lenoir City, where they were handed a 27 to 19 defeat. The passing of the M. B. A. boys was very good, but they could not find the basket. Eaton was the outstanding star for M. B. A., getting five field goals and one foul.

In the East Tennessee metropolis M. B. A. again tasted the bitter dregs of defeat when they were overwhelmed by the much-touted Knoxville High five. The game ended 42 to 22. Shanton was a thorn in the side of M. B. A. His shots from the middle of the floor counted for twenty points. Eaton and Reed did all the scoring for M. B. A., while Young gave a good account of himself at back guard.

In the home town of Walker, which is known as Monterey, "Pucil" showed his old cronies a few things about basket ball. Walker collected only nine field goals. The

game was very rough, as anything got past the eye of the referee. Martin and Young both played a good defensive game. The final score was 32 to 26.

* * *

M. B. A.-PEABODY SERIES

M. B. A. won both games from the Demonstration School, the first by a score of 33 to 20, and the second by a score of 47 to 23. Roberts and Eaton were the stars of both games, with Eaton collecting a total of ten field goals, while Roberts got away with thirteen. Parrish was the star for the losers, he himself getting practically all of Peabody's points. Buell and Martin both played good games at guard and kept the Peabody forwards from under the basket.

* * *

M. B. A., 48; HOPKINSVILLE HIGH, 8

M. B. A. again demonstrated their superiority over Hoptown High when they met them in the local "Y" gym. The passing of our boys was perfect and very few shots were missed. Martin who was shifted to forward gave a good account of himself by securing six field goals. Roberts played a brilliant game at the other forward and caged eight field goals. Eaton played the floor in fine style. Buell and Bedford gave the Hoptown forwards much trouble and broke up most of their passes.

* * *

M. B. A., 27; CENTRAL HIGH, 17

M. B. A. defeated Central High for the second time by the score of 27 to 17. The game was very slow, with both sides missing many shots. Eaton was the high scorer, with three field goals and five fouls to his credit. Reed played a very good game, getting four field goals. Martin, Buell, and Young played good defensive games. Paul and Ferguson played best for Central High.

M. B. A., 15; MORGAN, 36

M. B. A. met defeat at the hands of the strong Morgan team. It was too much Gould. This gentleman collected field goals from any angle and succeeded in making 20 of the 36 points amassed by his team. The first half ended with M. B. A. in the lead by a lone point. In the second half Morgan came back strong and piled up a score that M. B. A. was unable to overcome. The guarding of Largen and McKibbon was the best that our team had been against, and with Gould to collect the points we were overcome and forced to bow in defeat.

MAIN STREET FLATTERY

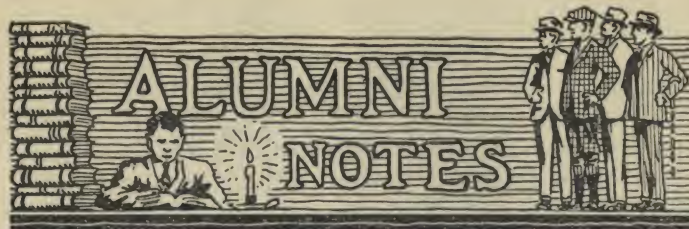
(Continued from page 4.)

Mrs. Williams (elated): "We will be very glad for you to visit us again at any time, Professor Smith."

Professor: "Examples like Dr. Higgins who rides his trusted steed both day and night, relieving pain and anguish; and men so well versed in the laws of this noble land as the Hon. J. John Beesley."

Lawyer: "I reckon I understand law 'bout as well as any one in this State."

Professor: "And I, my friends, am doing my best for the promotion of knowledge and the betterment of this wonderful city, whose people I love, and whose interests are always my interest; and in conclusion I wish to ask you, my good people, to raise my salary to seventy-five dollars a month."



Buford B. Horner, '11, recently manager at the Western Union, in this city, has gone into business for himself in Memphis.

* * *

Le Rol Coggins, '12, center on football team, is a member of the firm of Lummus & Coggins, located in Atlanta.

* * *

J. T. Allen, Jr., '12, is engaged in the coal-mining business near Sparta, Tenn.

* * *

Tom Lipscomb, '12, after finishing his academic course at Vanderbilt, completed the law course at Yale with a view of entering into the business world. However, finding the study of law more to his liking, he has become a member of a well-known firm of corporation lawyers in New York City, in which he has shown unusual ability.

* * *

Paul Jackson, '12, is State Manager for Howe automobile tires.

* * *

Frank V. Le Blanc, '12, is manager of a large exporting house in New Orleans.

* * *

We have noticed during the year several contributions to *The Fugitive*, a local paper of verse, from the pen of Merrill Moore, '20. We wish to congratulate Mr. Moore, as it is not the usual thing for undergraduates to be so successful in their writings.

* * *

Sydney Keeble, '20, is running the Vanderbilt relay team this year.



We have received the following exchanges recently and wish to thank all of them for their prompt attention to our exchange, their compliments and criticisms, by which we will try to improve our paper.

The Orange and White—University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

The Cavalier—Castle Heights, Lebanon, Tenn.

The Echo—Hume-Fogg High, Nashville, Tenn.

The Whip—Lebanon High, Lebanon, Tenn.

Peabody Volunteer—Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville.

Wallace World—Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Haviland Acts—David Lipscomb College, Nashville.

The Prattler—Girls' Preparatory School, Nashville, Tenn.

The N., C. & St. L. News Item—Nashville, Tenn.

The Normalite—Middle Tennessee State Normal, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The Concordiensis—Union College, Schenectady, New York.

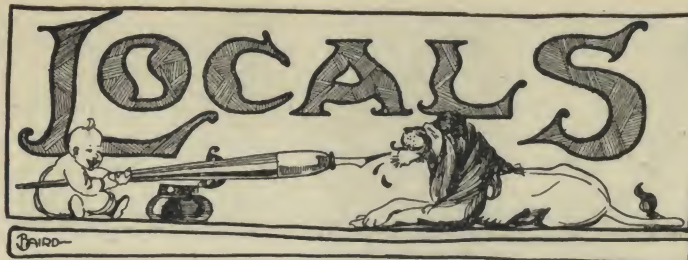
The Delphian—Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

IN OUR OPINION

Orange and White—A very good paper which covers everything of interest in the school.

The Echo—Very good, but room for improvement along many lines.

(Continued on page 24.)



For a short while we thought that we were going to lose our honored and esteemed teacher, Mr. Albert Harris Lisenby. He stalked around the school with a very dejected air as if something was weighing heavily on his mind. After much inquiry and investigation, we found that he had only tried a gum slot machine which would not work. We sincerely hope that he will brace up and continue in our midst.

* * *

"Son" was going to buy a four-bit handkerchief, but he decided it was too much to blow in.

* * *

At an evening reception,
Most every one knows,
The better the shape,
The scarcer the clothes.

* * *

Handsome Lady(?): "If you don't go right away, I'll call my husband. He's a policeman, and he'll take you."

Baker (mooching in Kansas): "I believe you. If he'd take you, he'd take anything."

* * *

First Student: "I'm going to sue my English teacher for libel."

Second Student: "What for?"

First Student: "He wrote on my English paper, 'You have bad relatives and antecedents.'"

Excited Husband (to doctor over phone): "Hello, doctor. My wife has appendicitis. What shall I do?"

Central (cutting in): "Operator."

* * *

Attorney: "And where did you see him milking the cow?"

Witness: "A little past the center, sir."

* * *

The other day Mr. Lisenby was expounding a problem. "If," said Mr. Lisenby, "6X equals 12, what does X equal?" And Eakin, who had been dozing fitfully, pipes up and says, "I'll bite. What does it?" Exit Eakin.

* * *

Eaton went out to see his highly educated C. H. S. doll the other night, and upon being told that his face was just like a poem, he exuded much joy and inquired just what poem it was, who wrote it, and when it was written. The dear thing said that she had forgotten, but it had some awful hard lines about it.

And Eaton didn't see the joke.

* * *

It has rained cats and dogs every school day for the past week or so. Such beastly weather!

* * *

I never go with any girl,
I never make a date;
My mind is never in a whirl,
Or thinking, "Ain't love great?"

I never take one to a dance;
The reason is plain to see:
I never go with girls, because
The girls won't go with me.

* * *

One of the best jokes I've heard lately is included in the three words: Chubby's Detective Force.

The "botties" are still looking for Fred McKibbon. If any one happens to see him, notify Jones, Leo Geny, Ralls, Bowman, or Piper, lest the wrath of the "botties" descend upon him.

* * *

There seems to be a new fraternity coming into its own in Nashville. The fraternity is an old one and seems to be a national institution. The name of this very popular organization is Sigma Omega Tau. Another fraternity coming to the front, but which we do not think much of, is the Nu Iota Tau. This fraternity flourishes most in the realm of High School social activities.

* * *

Gentlemen, we have received a petition for entrance into the Sheik Club from "Smuck" Eaton. Mr. Eaton claims to have already collected several victims at Central High School, besides having conquered the Charlotte Pike district. We will give "Pauline's" petition due consideration, but doubt if he can reach the high standard set by the rest of the team.

EXCHANGES

(Continued from page 21.)

The Whip—Your jokes and editorials fine, but you should have a few cuts.

Wallace World—A good paper with excellent jokes.

N., C. & St. L. News Item—We are glad to receive your valuable exchange.

The Concordiensis—One of our best college exchanges.

